

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

## Department Store

JEWELRY, WATCH REPAIRS, INDIAN BRACELETS  
Best Native Jeweler and Engraver in Alaska Employed for This Department of the Store

Curios, Souvenirs, Postals, Stationery, Books  
and Periodicals, Cigars and  
Tobaccos

Large Stock of General Merchandise Always on Hand, Wholesale or Retail

Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co.,  
Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes  
in Alaska.—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and  
strong and guaranteed.—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves,  
Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

We are Sole Agents for **THE MAYER SHOE**

**SLOW, BUT SURE** is a motto that will apply to some things, but it does not appeal to the people who **WEAR MAYER SHOES**, for they are not slow to appreciate foot comfort and are sure where they can find it.  
The leather used in making the Mayer Shoe is made in Milwaukee, the largest leather-producing city in the world. Being in the very midst of this great industry enables them to pick from the choicest product, and this is one of the reasons why the Mayer Shoe will outwear any other.

Furs Purchased at Highest Prices

### Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON  
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

## Local and General

### The Wrangell Drug Co.

George Richardson came up from the Callbreath hatchery last week.

Blueberries are reported ripening, and it is said they will be quite plentiful this season.

Wm. G. Thomas reached home from below on the Seattle, reporting disagreeable weather on the Sound.

During a rush of work and while A. V. R. Snyder is out of a government job he is assisting on the SENTINEL.

Peter Iversen came up from Ketchikan some days ago, and will make this section his home again, for a time.

Harry Coulter was threatened with a mild attack of appendicitis, Saturday, but prompt treatment brought him out all right.

The weather remains cold and vegetation is backward. Sunday last was the only genuine summer day we have had lately.

Saturday last a few ladies of Wrangell met at the residence of Miss Ella Woods and formed the Wrangell Shakespear Club.

J. C. Puriton and wife of Astoria, Or., came up on the Seattle and have gone over to Shakan, where Mr. P. has a job as electrician.

W. A. Eaton and J. H. Wheeler had some good angling over in Mill Creek, last Thursday afternoon, bringing back some fine trout.

Guy Carson, Carl Schunmaker and Alex Vreant were over at the garnet ledge a portion of the week, doing development work.

Louie Bileaux, who was one of our best engineers several years ago, was a north bound passenger on the last trip of the Cottage City.

Last week the types made us say that the Hunter Bay cannery would put up "12,000" cases of salmon, this season. It should have been "42,000" cases.

Messrs. Woodbridge and Lowrey, the Hun Island marble syndicate, came in from their properties, Saturday, looking as if the fates had been smiling upon them.

Miss Anna E. Durkee has sold to the Alaska Garnet Mining and Manufacturing Company of Minneapolis, Minn. the garnet property at the mouth of the Stikine River for a consideration of \$10,000.

For Sale—Upright Grand Piano, for \$250, cash. Mrs. J. F. Collins, Wrangell.

Mrs. J. Babler, son and daughter arrived on the Humboldt to join Mr. B.

Rev. Father Swere came up from Ketchikan on the Humboldt and looked after the spiritual wants of his people.

W. C. Waters went down to Holbrook last week and brought back with him the steamer "Wooner," of which he became the owner in his purchase of the outfit on the West Coast.

Three or four Natives swore that Jake Johnson furnished them "booze." Jake swore he didn't. But the commissioner thought Jake guilty, fined him \$100 and then suspended sentence pending good behavior.

The Taku Jack came up from Santa Ana, Saturday evening, to get an additional force of fishermen. Superintendent Hanthorn said they had everything ready to begin operations and expected to can their first fish for 1907 Tuesday of this week.

The first consignment of salmon to the Wrangell A. P. A. cannery, for 1907 arrived Sunday evening. It consisted of 11,000 fish, and they came from Ann Creek—perhaps the greatest fish stream in Southeastern Alaska.

Bear in mind that one week from today—Thursday—is July 4th and that Wrangell will have on her gala, patriotic attire and everything will be out except the Hoodoos. All our neighbors are coming, and "there'll be a hot time in the old town" from Wednesday evening (the Red Men ball) to the close of the fireworks Thursday night.

Timber Inspector Langille came into this port Saturday night, on the Pacific, leaving Sunday morning and taking along his mother and Mrs. Adams, who had been here on a two or three weeks' visit.

J. F. Collins left down on the City of Seattle. He goes to Seattle to make some investments and will then go on to Portland and Astoria, returning to Seattle, where he expects to be connected with the Alaska-Yukon Exposition until its close in 1909. Jack is a rustler, and will make it all right.

Wrangell people who have been wishing for a dentist, ought now to be satisfied, for there's one at the Wrangell Hotel, and a good one—Dr. W. E. Mulholland, of Juneau. A man who thoroughly understands his business, the Dr. will do your work satisfactorily, if you give him the chance. He will be at the hotel for about two weeks.

The U. S. survey ship *Gedney*, Capt. Dickens, came into this port, Sunday, and after lying at anchor in the bay for a day left on her way to the West Coast of Prince of Wales to resume a survey of the waters of that section.

Last fall the St. Michael Trading Co. sued and obtained judgment against Ludwig Berg and Jorgen Berg, before the Commissioner at Wrangell. The case was appealed to the district court, on the grounds that the service of the summons and complaint was not good, the same having been served on Mrs. Berg, wife of Ludwig and mother of Jorgen, in the absence from home and district of the defendants. Judge Wickham sustains the judgment of the commissioner and this dismisses the action.

Capt. Edwin Hofstad says *SENTINEL* misquoted him in the interview regarding Miss Woods; that what he did say was that "Thor had learned practically nothing." The reporter quoted the Capt. exactly as he understood him, but will give him the benefit of the doubt. It would be the height of folly to intentionally misquote any one in a town no larger than Wrangell, as it would rebound with telling effect. In this connection this paper has been accused of being personal, which is true only so far as seeing justice done by a worthy lady; further than this we have sought to say except that our desire is that Wrangell shall have a good school the coming year. We are told that the reason given by the board for the rejection of Miss W. is that "she failed to maintain order in the room." Let her pupils speak as to that.

The Wrangell Shingle mill turned out its first product last Thursday, June 20th, but did not begin active operations until Saturday, when they cut and put on the market several thousand first-class shingles, J. C. Enley taking the first to cover his new residence. This mill is substantially built and has a cutting capacity of 40,000 per day, if run without interruption; it is to be seen in operation to be fully appreciated—especially to watch the sawyer, who has two saws running in different directions, to keep his eye on and manipulate. Messrs. Gano, Campen and Merrill are the moving spirits in this enterprise and are certainly entitled to success, that is sure to come to them if they persevere and the timber holds out; and on these points we have no fears. Walter Larsen is the sawyer, and the way he does his work shows that he is fully up to his job. The town is full of souvenir shingles, from the first cuttings by this mill.

## CHAMBER MEETING

Wrangell's Guardians Meet and Transact Considerable Business

Last Thursday evening there was a fairly good attendance at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce when president McCormack called the body to order and secretary Worden called the roll. After the minutes had been read and approved, W. C. Waters was elected to membership.

The application of G. E. Rodman for membership was read and referred to a committee consisting of J. E. Worden, L. C. Patenaude and J. G. Grant.

The committee appointed at the May meeting to look into the feasibility of putting in a system of waterworks and to devise ways and means therefor, reported through P. C. McCormack, chairman. He said the committee had held an enthusiastic meeting, at which it was concluded that the first thing necessary was the finding and locating of a head for a good supply of wholesome water. After this estimates of probable cost would be secured and then the raising of funds, which he believed from the present outlook could and would be accomplished. The report was adopted and the committee continued.

J. G. Grant of the 4th of July committee reported satisfactory progress toward a successful celebration. Also, that the committee had named William Hughes as marshal of the day, and the following sub-committees: Shooting—J. E. Worden, L. M. Churchill; Exercises—P. C. McCormack, Mrs. Willson and Mrs. Campbell; Decorations—Geo. C. L. Snyder, John Kolb and George E. Rodman; Sports—J. G. Grant, C. M. Coulter and F. Mathison; Transportation—J. H. Wheeler, W. C. Waters and Wm. H. Lewis. The report was adopted.

Mr. Worden of the committee on preparing and issuing a prospectus for the town of Wrangell, the contiguous country and the Stikine section, reported that not enough had been accomplished by the committee to enable it to make a definite report. On motion A. V. R. Snyder was added to the committee and it was continued.

After paying dues, the meeting adjourned.

### SPECIAL MEETING

There was a special meeting of the Wrangell Town Council last Thursday evening that was attended by the full board except H. D. Campbell, who was absent at Ketchikan.

Mayor McCormack called the meeting to order and stated that the object was to consider bids for the improvement of Front street from the property of W. C. Waters east to Wm. Tamarac's.

Clerk Worden reported that he had received one bid from T. J. Case, as follows: For building sidewalk, per sq. foot, 10 cents; for constructing street, per sq. foot, 12½ cents. There being but one bid which, in the opinion of the Council was a trifle high, the same was on motion rejected and the matter was laid over to some future time.

It was moved and carried that the exploding of firecrackers and fireworks in the town limits be prohibited on the 4th of July or at any other time during the fire season, and the clerk was instructed to post notices to that effect. This was done as a precaution against fire.

This concluded the business and the meeting stood adjourned.

L. C. Patenaude, Sam Cunningham and P. L. Jensen went angling over at Big Bay on Zerambo Island, last Thursday, but too much water made their luck rather poor.

## FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS

Events	Eligible	1st	2nd	3rd
Rifle shooting.....	Open to all.....	\$ 10 00	\$ 5 00	.....
100-yard dash.....	Boys under 16.....	3 00	2 00	.....
100-yard dash.....	Girls under 15.....	4 00	2 00	.....
Pillow fight.....	Boys any age.....	2 50	1 00	.....
Potato race.....	Girls under 15.....	3 00	2 00	\$ 1 00
Potato race.....	Boys under 15.....	3 00	2 00	1 00
100-yard dash.....	Open to all.....	7 50	3 00	.....
Three-legged race.....	Boys any age.....	3 00	2 50	.....
Fat men's race.....	Fat men.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Sack race.....	Boys any age.....	2 00	1 50	1 00
Greased pig chase.....	Open to all.....	5 00	.....	.....
Climbing greased pole.....	Open to all.....	10 00	.....	.....
Pie-eating contest.....	Boys any age.....	2 50	1 00	.....
One mile race.....	Open to all.....	10 00	5 00	.....
Old men's race.....	Old men.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Wheelbarrow race.....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Pole vault.....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Pole vault.....	Boys any age.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Running high jump.....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Running broad jump.....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Shot put (16 pound).....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Double scull.....	Open to all.....	10 00	5 00	.....
Double scull.....	Ladies.....	10 00	5 00	.....
Single scull.....	Open to all.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Single scull.....	Boys under 16.....	5 00	2 50	.....
Log-rolling contest.....	Open to all.....	20 00	10 00	.....
Canoe race (crew).....	Open to all.....	50 00	25 00	.....
Tug o' war.....	Open to all.....	50 00	.....	.....

There will also be a gasoline launch race, open to all launches. The first and second prizes will be \$50 and \$25, and an entry fee of \$5 will be charged.

## THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,  
Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints,  
Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits  
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

## St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually

Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

### PROGRAM FOR FOURTH

Following is the program to be carried out the morning of July 4th, beginning at 10 o'clock, sharp:

Bugle Call.  
Prayer.  
Song by the Children—"America, the Beautiful."  
Reading Declaration of Independence.  
International Hymn—Children.  
Address.  
Song—Male Quartet.  
Closing—"America."

The 4th of July committee endeavored to get Hon. B. W. Jennings to deliver the oration at Wrangell, but owing to a press of business, he writes mayor McCormack, he was unable to come. We all regret this very much, as Mr. Jennings would not only have added to the "Scream of the American Bird," but would have given the people some solid food for thought, that, as they digested it would have done them good.

At the instigation of Knut Charley a case of U. S. vs Mrs. Cape Fox Tom, for assaulting his (Charley's) wife, occupied the attention of commissioner Slane and a jury, last Thursday and resulted in a verdict of "not guilty" for defendant. The evidence showed that an assault had been committed by defendant, but that she was first assaulted by being called a "witch," the most offensive epithet that can be applied to a Native.

S. L. Hogue, the Petersburg merchant, and wife and John Kelly came over Sunday and returned Monday.

The Princess Beatrice arrived at this place Monday evening with thirty tons of freight for up river points. Those on board reported the Hazelton lying at Port Simpson, awaiting orders, and it is safe to presume that she may be expected here at any time.

Jorgen Berg came up from below on the last trip of the Seattle, and is engaged in doing some development work on his mining claims near this place. He says Orlis Wedo will join him a little later on. They have a number of good claims on this island.

The wife of Dr. W. L. Harrison, the dentist, committed suicide at Seattle, June 13th, by hanging herself with a rope improvised by tearing a sheet into strips. She had been in a despondent frame of mind for some time. Mrs. H. will be remembered by many Wrangell people, having lived here several years ago.

THE  
**WILLIAMSON  
HAFFNER CO.**  
OUR CUTS TALK  
ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS  
DENVER

## THE BAKER DRUG CO. IS NOW ESTABLISHED AT WRANGELL

REMEMBER, when you are in need of medicine, be sure to buy where the wise ones buy—the store where drugs are dispensed by men skilled in the latest scientific technicalities of Pharmaceutical Chemistry; the store where no skill in buying is needed, as we give you the truthful benefit of our widespread experience. Your own judgment will endorse our words, and our work makes each patron a "booster" for our store.

You Sometimes Need Our Goods  
WE ALWAYS NEED THE MONEY. TRY US

## The Hudson's Bay Co's. Steamer HAZELTON

Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

offering finest accommodations for tourists and hunters.

For rates and other particulars, address

G. LOCKERBY, Purser,  
J. P. BUCEY, Master.  
Wrangell, Alaska



## Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Funerals in Baltimore are costing only \$75, and they are said to be good enough for anybody.

We could scarcely expect even an ex-United States senator to come out of jail loving everybody.

A Philadelphia physician says the habit of crossing our legs is a harmful one. It must be, for it is so easily acquired.

Miss Theodora Shonts is to become the wife of the Duc de Luyas de Chaulnes et de Piquigny. It's a far cry from Shonts to all that.

The proposition to cut the town of Orange, Conn., in two and name one part of it Lemon seems to have soured a number of the inhabitants.

A dispatch states that a Boston man with eight daughters has just inherited a million dollars. He will now find it much easier to marry off the daughters.

"The tongue, the pen, and the ballot are the true rulers of the republic," says a Baltimore paper. Where does the hand that rocks the cradle come in?

The Hemingford (Neb.) girls have organized an anti-whiskers society, and the young men in that town will now find it necessary to be both smooth and smooth-faced.

With multimillionaires and star baseball players committing suicide all around us, we who merely have to work for a living can be thankful that we have so little to worry about.

Marle Correll says there is an invisible power which compels her to write. This will lead Hall Caine to believe that invisible powers must be possessed of unworthy tendencies.

According to the census bureau, there is a divorce decree granted in this country every three minutes. But as there is a sucker born every minute, the courts are evidently not keeping up with their work.

Somebody who has been studying the matter gives out the opinion that bridge whist is a disease. Why not compel the people who have it to put upon their front doors placards bearing the legend, "Bridge Whist Played Here."

The ceiling of the building in which the drama meets has fallen in. The grand dukes will be chagrined when they learn that the members of the drama were absent when things collapsed, so that none of them suffered any personal injury.

America is not the only nation whose rich men give bountifully to public works. A French Jew has bequeathed fifty million francs to public institutions, half of it to the Pasteur Institute. His account of himself was touching and simple: "They say I have been miserly. They poke fun at my creed. What do I care? It pleases me to reflect that that greed will benefit the wretched, and that, after all, it is for them that I have worked."

The call of the country grows louder every year. It will yet be heard above the hum and roar of the machinery of trade and industry in the cities so clearly that there will be an equalizing of the conditions of employment. There will be a better supply of workers on the farms and less pressure for places to earn a living as clerks in stores and offices. The rural districts of America grow steadily more attractive, always more favorable for full and rounded life. The country is coming slowly but surely into its own, for work and for residence.

Until man got to work improving things on earth there was no such thing as noise. The sound of the storm, of the flood and the tide, the lowing of herds and the call of beast to beast was music to the ear. But civilization is a horror of contrasted sounds. Noise, noise! The man that makes the most noise is the only one heard and the city that makes the most noise and dirt has precedence among its fellows. Whatever does the ear the most violence seems to be most prized. The plea of the protesting nerves should be heeded. The man who on rising in the morning and going upon the street finds a noise and kills it should be richly rewarded. Civilization is in great need of a murfier.

Death Valley, which is famous for many things besides its name, has long been heralded as containing the lowest spot of dry land in the United States. The United States geological survey has just been computing its depth accurately by means of a spirit level and the results show that until the Salton Sink was turned into the Salton Sea by the overflow of the Colorado River, Death Valley was not entitled to the distinction. Its lowest point is 276 feet below sea level, while the Salton Sink had one spot 287 feet below. The final computations have not been made, but the error in the case of the Death Valley measurement will not be over three feet at the outside. It is an interesting fact that within seventy-five miles of this extreme low land there is to

be found the highest point in the United States. That is the tip of Mount Whitney, which is a foot or two over 14,500 feet above sea level. Both are in the southern part of California. The United States has from many points of view been called a land in which extremes meet, but this physical peculiarity will give it a better title to the phrase than it ever had before. Southern California may boast not only of the extreme high and the extreme low, but also of the extreme of fertility and the extreme of desert, the extreme of real estate booming and the extreme of admiration on the part of both residents and tourists alike.

President Elliot of Harvard College does not often speak to girls. At a recent opening of a new art gallery at Abbot Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, he gave the address to the assembled young women. His subject was "The Durable Satisfaction of Life." It is interesting to note that he spoke on a similar topic when he welcomed the freshmen to Harvard a year ago. He apparently thinks the desirable possessions in this world are much the same for girls as for boys. He puts first on his list of fundamental satisfactions, health, especially that soundness of the nervous system which enables one to bear stress and fatigue, and which lends courage for the battle of life. Next to health, he ranks the privilege of good intellectual training, with the acquirement of the power of concentration, and its tendency to bring all the faculties and abilities of a woman into subjection to her will. He sets high among the products of education the skill of the senses. The eye, the ear and the hand are developed by practice. For women, especially, the enrichment and training of the senses conduce to a new delight in beauty. Whether in nature or in art, the trained mind discerns charms and secrets invisible to the untrained one. The President of Harvard University has not lost his taste for simple joys, or his enthusiasm for his native country scenes. "What a happiness," he exclaims, "to live in a farmhouse in New England where the elms overshadow the house and the maples are planted along the driveway!" He adds as the climax to his list of "durable satisfactions" "the joys, hopes, anxieties, fears and blessings of the home"—these all crowned and glorified by the religion of service. Surely it is a noble catalogue of the lasting joys of woman's life—health, courage, intellectual training, a keen sense for beauty, the love of home, and zeal for service. Can it be a mere accident that great wealth cannot buy one of these "durable satisfactions of life?"

### CALLED CAMEL BY FRIENDS.

Wearily Willie Tells His Troubles to a Farmer's Wife.

"Friend, what's your name?" queried the farmer's wife of the tramp who had asked for a meal.

"De name I wuz christened, lady, or de name I have now?"

"Good lands! Have you more than one name?"

"I have had so many, lady, since me adventuresome career began dat I can't remember dem all. Let's see, now, I wuz christened George Reddingham Smith, an' den dey called me 'George.' When I wuz about 10 I got de nickname 'Smithy.' Den one day some guy got fresh an' called me 'Fatty,' an' it hung ter me until I could fight a bit. At de age uv 21 I wuz addressed as 'Mr. Smith' by some, as 'George' by others, an' as 'Fathead' by a few choice fren's dat wuz bigger'n me."

"And what are you called now?" asked the curious farmer's wife.

"I 'jest comin' ter dat, lady. When I reached de tender age uv 31 me cruel an' unnatural parents sent me out inter de cold world alone ter earn me own livin', an' dat's how I drifted inter dis bizness. I got so thin at first workin' at me trade dat me name wuz 'Skinney,' but after a few years dat wuz changed ter 'Wearily Willie.' Now de boys call me 'Camel.'"

"Camel? What do they call you that for?"

"I guess, lady, dat it's because I kin go so long without water."

And then she whistled for the dog and Camel had to get a hump on himself.—Judge.

### Why He Let Go.

A workman who was assisting in the repair of the roof of one of the highest buildings in Dublin lost his balance and fell. As he went down he struck a mass of electric wires and all of them broke but one, to which he managed to cling. His fellow workmen shouted to him to hold on, but after a few seconds Pat shouted, "Stand from under!" and dropped to the ground. The shock of the fall was so great that he remained unconscious for several hours. When he finally came around he was asked why he didn't hold on a little longer. Although still somewhat dazed, he replied: "I let go because I was afraid the wire would break."

### The Best Proof.

"That surgeon, they say, has a remarkable touch."

"He has. If you don't believe it I'll show you his bill for my appendicitis operation."—Baltimore American.

### Mushrooms Grow Underground.

On many mushroom farms the fungi are grown underground. The spores are planted in long, raised beds.

If you want to be popular, don't ask people to take an interest in your affairs; be interested in theirs.

When a man is old, his children fuss about him as he formerly fussed about his children.

### "WHAT'S THE USE?"

Stories are nothing but clusters of words; Reading is nothing but looking at print;

Money is nothing—folks throw it at birds; Pictures are nothing but color and tint;

Dinners are nothing but something to eat; Walking is nothing but moving your feet—

What's the use?

Dancing is nothing but prancing in tune; Riding is nothing but moving along;

Sleeping is nothing but waking too soon; Singing is nothing but talking a song;

Playing is nothing but fooling around; Boxing is nothing but learning to pound—

What's the use?

Working is nothing but earning your pay;

Loading is nothing—and harder to do; Silence is nothing with nothing to say;

Dressing is nothing but garment and shoe; Smiling is nothing but twisting your face;

Moving is nothing but changing your base—

What's the use?

What is the use of it? What is the use? Smoking is pumping stuff into your lungs;

Having your way is to kick like the deuce; Fame is a ladder with grease on the rungs.

What is the sense of it all, anyway? What is the—Why is the—Hang it all! Say.

What's the use?

—Chicago Post.



Mr. Augustus Sheringham entered his hansom with much the demeanor with which an indifferent sailor might climb into a seagoing ship. He had a bad half hour before him, and he was well aware of the fact. Having directed his coachman to an address on 5th avenue, and straightened his immaculate tie at the strip of looking glass beside him (this last a purely mechanical proceeding), he leant forward, and with fixed, unseeing gaze, that seemed to scorn the traffic of the city, again surrendered himself to the problem that had been torturing his brain for hours. What on earth should he say to her? How could he ever hope to explain the position in which he found himself?

New York was looking its best that fine June morning. In the pale warm sunlight Central Park glowed gently; the merry chorus of birds blended harmoniously with the jingle of busses and the soft purring of electric automobiles. It was a day to delight the senses of one who loved his New York but half as intensely as did Mr. Sheringham on ordinary occasions. But to-day as had been hinted, he cared for none of these things—saw them not, indeed. For almost the first time in his forty years of blameless life Mr. Sheringham, on that drive to 5th avenue, neglected to observe and return the salutes of passing acquaintances. He was thinking, too, deeply to be conscious of anything but the one question that absorbed him, and which he did not know how to answer.

Presently he drew from his pocket a letter, and fixing his glasses, regarded the paper with a frowning concentration that seemed determined to gain some inspiration from its mere perusal. The action was, however, an empty one, for he already knew the contents of the letter by heart, had read and re-read it fifty times since it had burst like a bombshell into the midst of his placid bachelor breakfast. But for the fifty-first time he strove to grapple with the problem that it presented.

"My Dear Mr. Sheringham—Your note only reached me this morning, but I am obeying your wish and replying to it with as little delay as possible. Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to say how much your proposal has touched me; it cannot be otherwise than flattering to a woman of eight-and-thirty (my age) to be asked to be his wife by a man whom she both admires and esteems. But, dear friend, while fully sensible of the worth of what I renounce, you must forgive me if I say that I fear it cannot be as you wish. Some day, perhaps, I may try to explain to you my reasons; till then, and always, please permit me to remain, as before, your sincere and attached friend.

"ANNETTE PILKINGTON."

A sufficiently straightforward and charming letter, you will admit, for a woman to send in reply to the proposal of any man. Why, then, did Mr. Sheringham, whose appearance was hardly that of the rejected suitor, feel apprehensive? The reason is simple. He had not written the letter to which this was an answer. Mr. Sheringham, in short, had never proposed to Mrs. Pilkington, and was now faced with what he conceived to be an unpleasant duty of telling her so.

He had small doubt as to the miscreant who was almost certainly the cause of his dilemma. Not for nothing had Mr. Sheringham been a bachelor uncle for the past twenty years. He remembered with grim satisfaction how often he had reproved his sister Mary for her absurd leniency toward those unscrupulous boys, how often he had predicted that some day Tom, now a cadet at West Point, with his dangerous capacity for imitating hand-writing, would achieve some serious

mischief. His pride in the fulfillment of this prophecy was dashed by the reflection that he could never proclaim it. He felt that he owed it not only to the lady's dignity, but to his own, that no living soul should ever hear of the affair. Vengeance, secret but severe, upon Tom was a matter to which Uncle Augustus could attend at his greater leisure.

Meanwhile, in the immediate present was the interview with Mrs. Pilkington. With a final quiver of reins the hansom drew up before the door of the widow's house, and Mr. Sheringham slowly descended. From one direction came the distant echo of German musicians playing La Marseillaise, and imparting to that frolicsome air all the Teutonic melancholy of their race. Nearer at hand a commercial vocalist with a cart was vaunting the excellence of ripe strawberries in a fruit is so appropriately termed a fruity baritone, and two elderly gentlemen had paused in the very center of the pavement to discuss a question of politics. Mr. Sheringham noted all these trifles with the sharpened perceptions of a drowning man. He felt absurdly as he did when, as a small boy, he was led to the family dentist.

"There will be no occasion for you to wait, Henry," he said, in a hollow voice. Then he walked up the steps and pressed the bell.

The room into which he was shown was one that had long stood to Mr. Sheringham as a model for all that such a room should be. It was long and low, full of soft, delicate color, and odorous with flowers. The dim light of the drawn blinds was grateful to him in his nervous and overwrought condition; he felt vaguely rather than realized an atmosphere of tranquillity that had already begun to soothe him as he crossed the threshold.

At his entrance the mistress of the house arose with a little startled gesture. Mrs. Pilkington was a tall and remarkably graceful woman, whom time had treated with gentleness. Her age, given by herself as 38, might well have passed in that subdued light for at least ten years less, and she wore with distinction a gown of the kind occasionally described by masculine novelists as "some soft clinging material."

"Ah," she said in a voice which, while agitated, betrayed no great astonishment, "you have come, then."

"Yes," repeated Mr. Sheringham mechanically. "I have come." After an



WITH A LITTLE STARTLED GESTURE.

imperceptible pause he added, "I—I felt that it was better that it was due to both of us, that I should do so."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Pilkington, herself sinking on to the couch from which she had risen.

Mr. Sheringham obeyed in silence. With returning self-possession, there was beginning to grow upon him an almost overwhelming sense of the difficulty of the task that he had undertaken. He dreaded the humiliation which he must bring upon the charming woman before him—how charming he realized in that moment as never before. His eyes, that dared not look up, were attracted suddenly by the delicate beauty of the hand that played nervously with the cushions beside her.

For it would have been obvious, had not Mr. Sheringham been still too preoccupied to perceive it, that Mrs. Pilkington was extremely nervous—far more so than the tone of her note could have led him to expect. Not only did this involuntary movement of the hand betray her (in one usually so restfully composed), but a little agitated color that kept coming and going in her cheeks. Mr. Sheringham, however, was now looking at his boots, and saw nothing of this.

"I—I have something to explain," he began unsteadily, "something that it is right you should learn from me personally." He paused before the final leap. "It is about that letter."

"My dear friend," she interrupted him, "surely no explanation is needed. Your letter, which I shall always be proud to have received, was quite sufficient in itself. It told me everything."

Mr. Sheringham felt then that he would gladly give a large sum of money to know exactly what that implied. "You—you have kept it?" he asked clumsily.

"You speak," she laughed back, but with an uncertain ring in her voice, "as though you were anxious to withdraw the offer. Be reassured. I shall not bring action."

Here at once was his opportunity, given by herself. Before he could take it, however, she had continued in an angrier tone—"But do not think that I shall part with that letter."

"Why?" asked Mr. Sheringham, startled into an upward glance.

"You want an answer to that?"

"Of course."

"Because it made me more proud and happy than anything I have ever read in my life."

Then, quite suddenly, Mr. Sheringham saw that the thing was not to be done. Perhaps the tone of her voice showed him. Better a lifelong misunderstanding than a disclosure—after that. He breathed a sigh of genuine relief.

"And yet you refused me," he said, watching her, and seeing for the first time that tremulous color. "Why?"

"You have a right to ask. Yet—it is difficult sometimes for a woman to explain her reasons."

"But you gave no hint in your answer. It was not that—that I am distasteful to you?"

His voice was unreasonably anxious, and he was unable now to take his eyes from her face. How beautiful it was in its unexpected blushes!

"Ah, no! You must understand that at least it was not that. But, surely—we have known each other too long, you and I, for any nonsense of sentiment between us."

"Our engagement could have been the shorter," returned Mr. Sheringham, almost gaily. Now that his ordeal was removed, he found himself enjoying the interview amazingly. "And so, for this no reason at all, a whim which you cannot even explain, you have condemned me to solitude!" He sighed, with gentle self-pity, a mental picture of his bare bachelor lodging, in contrast with this dainty room, coming to add pathos to words in which already he more than half believed. "Ah, cruel, cruel!"

"My dear friend," said the widow, "is it possible that you have not yet seen the absurdity of wishing to join your life with that of an old woman like myself?"

"Old!" cried Mr. Sheringham gallantly. "Perish the thought! you have the advantage of me by years!" He meant it, too; with the danger behind him, he felt that he could safely allow himself the luxury of a little sentimental regret. "If you are old, Annette, what of me?"

"A man is different; a bachelor is a youth at 60."

"Because he has never lived!"

She smiled, and half held out her hand as though to place it upon his, then drew it back again. "Your views are not altered then," she said softly after a moment (and surely the hesitation might have warned him); "you still wish to hear my reason for replying to you as I did?"

"Can you ask it?"

"Then I will tell you. It was because, having to answer to you immediately, I wrote in such haste that perhaps—again she hesitated, then finished in tones that were barely audible—"perhaps I did not wait to know my own mind."

"What?" Mr. Sheringham had been listening in a pleased reverie, soothed by the gentle murmur of her voice. He sprang up, white with emotion.

"Is it so difficult to understand?"—Mrs. Pilkington raised her eyes to his, smiling shyly—"the woman's privilege. I am an old woman, but not yet, I fear, a very wise one. How astonished you look. Could you not see what it was that has been making me so foolishly nervous ever since you came in? If—if you, too, had regretted your decision, you should never have known. But now—now, Augustus, if you still want me, it shall be as you wish!"

Mr. Sheringham gasped. The comely figure of Mrs. Pilkington danced grotesquely before his vision, the floor seemed to be giving way beneath him. Only two intelligible thoughts remained in his mind—one was that it was now become absolutely impossible to undeceive his old friend, the other that somehow, in the last ten minutes, he had fallen in love with her.

"Annette!" he said, "Annette!" It was the only thing to say, and he followed it gallantly with the one action that was appropriate to the circumstances.

"How we shall astonish people," murmured Mrs. Pilkington.

"Yes," said Mr. Sheringham truthfully, "it is no doubt something of a surprise—for everybody."

"Tell me, Augustus," said his fiancée, somewhat later, when they were seated upon the sofa, "how came you to be at West Point yesterday?"

"At West Point?" Mr. Sheringham looked bewildered.

"Yes. Your letter—the letter—was post-marked from there."

"Oh, of course, yes," said the lover, "the fact is I ran up to have a look at my nephew, Tom—Mary's eldest, you know," he explained.

Mrs. Pilkington gazed at him admiringly. "How like your kind heart," she said—"to think of a schoolboy—at such a crisis!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Sheringham. As a matter of fact he was thinking of him at that moment, but his thoughts were of too tumultuous and contradictory a nature to be expressed in words.

So these were wed (about four months later), and merrily rang the bells. That was at the end of the summer holidays, and when, on a bright September morning, Mr. Sheringham, radiant now, and more than reconciled to his fate, left Trinity church with Mrs. Sheringham on his arm, his nephew was observed to be among the most delighted of the guests. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, but so far the true history of the proposal has been given away by no one. Perhaps this is accounted for by the fact that Tom returned to West Point after a severe lecture from his justly indignant uncle, with what is vulgarly known as a fee in his ear. But in his pocket were ten golden eagles from the same source.—London Sketch.



One of the most important lessons for a beginner to learn is to hold the camera in the proper position during exposure, says the Circle. Whenever there are corners of buildings or other objects which give vertical lines, the camera must be held absolutely level. If this is not done, the buildings in the picture will appear to be falling either backward or forward, according to the way in which the camera was tilted.

There are times, however, when the camera may be tilted to advantage—in some cases it is an absolute necessity. For example, in photographs of clouds, waterfalls, balloons, etc., the camera may point upward; while in taking pictures of people swimming or bathing, children at work or play, etc., it may be pointed downward. Very successful photographs of prominent speakers, parades, crowds, etc., have been taken when the camera was held upside down. It makes no difference in the negative whether the camera is right side up or not. By holding the camera in the way suggested many a photographer has secured good pictures, while others who tried to use the camera in the usual way made absolute failures. Often by holding the camera by the side of the body and pointing it backward, one may secure pictures of children at play and of older people in natural poses without the knowledge of any members of the groups.

Another warning to beginners is necessary. Do not try to take a time exposure while holding the camera in the hand. Even if the camera is held against the breast and respiration stopped, the action of the heart is sufficient to cause the box to vibrate and spoil the picture.

### CHURCHES ON WHEELS.



ONE OF THE CHURCHES ON WHEELS.

"If the people won't come to church, then take the church to the people," is the advanced view taken by a band of English evangelists who are trying to solve the problem of spreading the gospel. The churches are specially constructed wagons, fitted up as homes for the workers. The idea has grown until now there are eighty wagons in commission, carrying 180 evangelists. Last year 40,000 services were held from these wagons and thousands of country homes visited. To get from one place to another farmers are dependent upon to donate the use of their horses. Housewives along the route help the evangelists' domestic economy a great deal by presenting them with home cooked bread, pies and cake.

### PASSING OF "LAGNAPPE."

By agreement among the retail dealers of New Orleans, says a writer in the New York Evening Post, the time-honored institution of "lagnappe" has been abolished since the beginning of the new year. The word means something given "on the side," gratis, to a customer. It comes from the Spanish-American word napa, which means "to boot."

No matter how smart the purchase, something had to be added "for lagnappe." Generally this something was a small delicacy—a piece of candy, for example. Increasing competition and never-decreasing greed made the shopkeepers devise all sorts of schemes for keeping up the custom with the smallest possible cost.

The children, who have been eager to run errands in the past just for the sake of the reward found in lagnappe, suffered from this deterioration of the custom to such an extent that the board of health finally had to interfere. And it was at the instance of the authorities that the retail dealers at last decided to take the revolutionary step of abolishing lagnappe entirely.

Complaints have already been heard from numerous mothers that hereafter it will be very hard to get the children to do the errand-running. But that the change is for the better, no sensible person will be likely to doubt.

The custom thus wiped out was peculiar to New Orleans only through its particular form and by reason of the firmness with which it was established as an undeniable right. Department stores which give trading stamps are simply doing in another way what the merchants of New Orleans have been doing for more than a century.

The same custom was common in northern Europe as late as the seventies. It dates back to the days of plain barter, when it served as a sop to the feelings of the party who had the losing end of a trade.

### Her Head Was Hot.

Lady Dorothy Nevill in her reminiscences tells this story of the two Misses Walpole, her cousins: "On one occasion, when both of the two were well over ninety, Miss Fanny, the

younger, who had that day been rather ill, only joined her sister in the sitting room just before dinner. On her arrival downstairs the latter (Miss Charlotte by name) remarked: 'Fanny, I am going to be ill, too. I feel so hot about the head. It must be apoplexy.' 'Nothing of the sort!' exclaimed Miss Fanny, making a dash at her sister's head. 'Your cap's on fire, and I'm going to put it out.' And so the brave old thing did."

### Lives the Trolley Costs.

If along every mile of street railway track in the United States a headstone were raised for every death by accident the routes we daily travel would resemble one long-drawn-out cemetery.

Within the limits of greater New York the total number killed last year rose to 227. For every person killed a number are injured, some of them crippled for life. That this slaughter and maiming is criminally needless is sufficiently attested by a single fact:

In all London in the last year of record (1903) the total number killed was ten.

According to the royal traffic commission the tram cars of London for 1903 carried 405,679,203 passengers. The total traffic of greater New York last year was a little over 1,100,000,000 passengers carried. These figures, however, include subway and elevated traffic, while the records of London do not. But even on the basis of a comparison of traffic the number killed in London is equivalent to about twenty-seven, against about 227 for greater New York. And this is no exceptional instance.

What is true of New York is true of almost every other large city in America. What is true of London is true of almost every other large city in Europe.—Everybody's Magazine.

### A Similarity.

"Did you ever try the stock market," asked the Eastern man.

"No," answered Bronco Bob. "But it's my guess that a deal in stocks is pretty much like a deal in faro. You want to fight shy unless you know the dealer."—Washington Star.

The man who brags usually has a lot to say about the things he is going to do; what he has done is far less important.



## CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTICE—The following announcements are from leading business men and firms, and are well worth your careful reading. The list may contain just the proposition you are looking for.

### REAL ESTATE

**\$10.00 DOWN—\$10.00 MONTHLY.**  
Send in for booklet describing our guaranteed investment at JAMIESON PARK, a suburb of Spokane.

An investment here enjoys all the security and protection offered by a savings bank or life insurance company, but the returns will net from 50 per cent to 100 per cent on the investment.

Let us mail you full particulars; a postal card will bring them.

**BABCOCK & MOSS,**  
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### EAST GREENACRES.

The only tracts on the market where you can contract to sell your crop. Ten tracts a day. Abundance of water. Price \$150.00 per acre—easy payments—come in or write for particulars.


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Coeur d'Alene Reservation will open soon; choice land 25 miles from Spokane. Coeur d'Alene Reservation Agency, 17-18 Exchange Building, Spokane, Wash.

**MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT—no matter how bad the weather. You cannot afford to be without a TOWER'S WATERPROOF OILED SUIT OR SLICKER.**  
When you buy look for the SIGN OF THE FISH



ASB CO. 2100 2nd Ave. SEATTLE, WASH.

**ASH-HASSLOCHER CO.**  
316-317-318 Bailey Bldg. SEATTLE.

Hark ye! Hark ye! Likewise heart! Are we now not drawing near summer time? Oh happy thought! Surely it is time we ought. Lots to buy for spec or sale. Oh we've got the thing all right! Call around, make no mistake. Hasslocher's is the Addition. Every lot has got a view. Really this should interest you!

As to price, now buyer thrifty—Don't you think they're worth one fifty? Double sure they will by Fall. Increase then your nest egg small. Take our hint—Hear our advice. If you really have the price. One fourth cash and balance easy. Now don't say our terms aren't breezy.

Write for birds-eye view map and description.

**LILLY'S BEST LICE KILLER**

Instantly kills lice on poultry by its fumes. It is very powerful—the strongest of all lice killers. It is a necessary remedy, because lice-infested poultry cannot lay or thrive. Sold by dealers. Made only by Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco.

**Lighting, Cooking and Heating by Gas for Suburban and Country Buildings. Parrott's latest improved GAS MACHINE**

Write for descriptive printed matter or call at **THE HEINE PARROTT MFG. CO.,** 825 Pike St., Seattle, U. S. A.

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**Golden West**  
COFFEE TEA SPICES BAKING POWDER EXTRACTS JUST RIGHT

William Dean Howells is 70 years old. We can hardly expect now that he will ever write a story which may achieve such popularity as is enjoyed by the works of Laura Jean Libby.

**WORN TO A SKELETON.**  
A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was fading fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 60 pounds. My throat was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all trace of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Stuffed Cabbage.**  
Lay a firm white cabbage in cold water for an hour, then boil for ten minutes in salted water. Drain and when very cold stand it on the stem end and open the leaves, carefully, being sure that there are no particles of grit or other impurity between them and filling the interstices with a stuffing made of a cup of cold chopped, boiled or roast chicken and the same quantity of boiled rice, half as much chopped ham, a little butter and seasoning to taste. When the leaves are well filled with this mixture close the cabbage and tie it up tightly in strong and coarse netting. Boil gently in salted water for an hour and three-quarters. Take from the water, remove the netting, put the cabbage on a heated dish and pour a well-seasoned white sauce over and

**Some Encouragement at Least.**  
"So the editor sent your poem back to you," remarked the sympathetic friend.  
"Yes," replied Woody Rhimes.  
"Any comment?"  
"Er—yes; he said my 'handwriting was quite promising'."—Philadelphia Press.

**One Man's Opinion.**  
"What's your opinion—does the man or the woman have the better time in life?"  
"That's as old as Adam—and everybody knows he got the worst of it!"—Washington Star.

**SNOW ROLLERS OF VERMONT.**  
Simple Device in Use for Keeping Highways Passable All Winter.

Snow rollers are used extensively in Vermont and other States of the northern border, says the Springfield Republican. The snow roller is a new contrivance, but has been in use in Vermont for many years. Nearly all of the Vermont townships own several. It has never been displaced by a more modern device for opening the winter roads, and has proved to be not only the easiest and cheapest means of overcoming drifts, but also a producer of better winter roads.

One used in the town of East Hardwick has been in service for twenty years. It has rollers, both of which are six feet in diameter, each nine feet wide with a space of about nine inches between. Thus it will be seen that the whole roller presents a total width to the roadway of nearly twenty feet, enough to make ample room for traffic by going over a roadway once. The rollers are usually drawn by four heavy horses and are taken on circuits that vary from six to nine miles in length.

Of course the rollers cannot surmount all drifts, and the men who accompany them are often obliged to get down and shovel. But even then the final results are way and beyond those obtained by the plow method. The rollers, heavy in themselves, are often ballasted, and they pack the snow down into an even roadway that is without ruts and is not cut up easily. As the winter progresses, with alternate thaws and storms, and each succeeding snowfall is packed down by the rollers, a road of remarkable durability results. These hard, frozen roadways resist the coming of spring for a long time, prolonging the "sledding" through the sugar season, and obviating to a large degree the usual bad going of spring. The roads last so long that when they finally do succumb it is rapidly, owing to the advanced snow, and the mud and slush is soon gone.

**BIRDS HAVE A HARD TIME.**  
Always Dodging Death and Have a Severe Struggle for a Living.

"I was sitting at my window the other day," said Colonel Louis E. Pitts of Missouri, "while half a dozen sparrows were picking furiously and savagely crowding one another round a bit of bread about the size of a boy's marble. They were hungry. I know that by the way they pushed and shoved and elbowed one another around the bread and by the disputes and side fights that were constantly taking place."

"A carriage rolled by in the street. In an instant every bird took wing and flew up to the branches of a tree overhead. After the carriage had gone they came back, but hardly got a bit apiece when a boy appeared, and away they all flew. Then a man, next a woman, after her a dog, and after the dog a delivery wagon—scared them off, so that ere the crumbs disappeared the birds at least a dozen times were frightened up into the tree, to come back and be scared off again."

"The incident set me to musing over the vicissitudes of nature's life and the comforts men enjoy but do not appreciate. Suppose that all the boarders of a first-class house had to run away from the table and run into the third story half a dozen times during their dinner, to keep from being killed, do you think they would have much appetite? Suppose you had to bolt out of your room into the street a hundred times a day to save your life, wouldn't living become a burden? Yet the birds are bolting all day long, every day in the year, and all their lives, from real or imaginary danger, for the one is as bad as the other."

"Suppose when we got up in the morning in a room without a fire we had to go out and work for our breakfast before we got any, then find another job to pay for dinner and the third before we could eat supper; suppose that all our victuals were cold, that after hustling all day and not getting enough to eat we had to roost under the eaves of a house or under somebody's porch and watch for cats all night long—wouldn't men go and jump in the river rather than worry with such a life? Yet that is the bird's life in winter."

"In summer food is abundant, the temperature is pleasant and the birds seem happy in spite of their constant danger from boys and stones and guns by day and from cats and owls at night. Maybe birds have no memory for dangers past. If a man runs the risk of being killed by falling off a street car all his acquaintances have to listen to the story at intervals for weeks, but a bird dodges death every ten minutes through the day, then mounts a twig and sings as cheerily as though there were not a stone nor a gun in the world. No regret for the past, no foreboding for the future, no worry about rent or taxes or coal bills; no pantry and no fear that anything will spoil in keeping—who wouldn't like to be a bird?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**LEGAL INFORMATION.**

Where A holds a mortgage on a farm and assigns the same to B, and B assigns the same to C, only C need to give a satisfaction of the mortgage when the same is paid. By recording the assignments of mortgage, the records show that C is the owner thereof, and that he is the proper party to satisfy the mortgage.

One has no right to shoot a strange dog, that simply happens about his premises, and is liable to the owner in any damages for so doing. One, however, has the right to shoot a dog that is a nuisance because of his killing sheep or other animals, or because of the likelihood that he will otherwise do injury to a party either in person or property.

The railway company is not liable for killing a calf upon a public crossing, unless it could have avoided the killing by due diligence. The railway company is bound to fence its track and is liable for damages done to all stock straying upon the tracks because of a failure to build such fence, upon the theory that such killing is through the negligence of the railway. But it is not bound to look out for stock upon crossings.

"When a teacher in a public school of a common school district in Minnesota refuses to pay his board bill, can the wages of such teacher be garnished in order to recover payment of such bill?" Ans.—Yes. Counties, towns, cities, villages and school districts are liable to garnishment in Minnesota, the same as is an individual, since 1901. As a general rule public corporations are not garnishable, upon the grounds that it is against public policy, but the statutes in many States have changed the rule, as it should be. There is no more reason why a municipality should not be garnishable than a railway company, a corporation, or any individual.

"Does a railroad company have to construct crossings for farms?" Ans.—"Any railroad company constructing a railroad so as to leave a part of a farm on either side of the railway, shall construct a proper farm crossing convenient for such farm." This provision seems to apply to the road when it is first put through. Another provision of the statute provides that "persons owning land abutting upon a railroad may construct at their own expense, crossings and drains in such place and in such manner as not to impair the use of such railroad, which crossings and drains shall be maintained and kept in repair by the company." From this it would seem to follow that the railroad companies are not obliged to put in crossings for farms that have been cut up after the railroad was put through.

**WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.**

"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what animals were the first to enter the ark?" "Car-seat-hogs," replied Johnny.

Little Johnny—Papa, where does a theory originate? Papa—In a man's head, my son. Little Johnny—And if one should explode would it blow his head off?

"Why, Harry," exclaimed his mother, as she entered the pantry unexpectedly, "are you in that jam again?" "No, mamma," answered the truthful urchin, "that jam's in me."

"Now, Willie," said the mother of a small invalid, "I want you to take this powder the doctor left for you." "Powder!" exclaimed the little patient. "Why, I'm not a gun, am I?"

Little Lulu was gazing at the moon and stars one evening and after looking very intently for some time she asked: "Mamma, are all those little bright things in the sky the moon's babies?"

Little Elsie—Let's play keeping house. I'll be the lady of the house. Little Margie—And what will I be? Little Elsie—Oh, you'll be another lady come to call on me, and I'll pretend to be glad to see you.

"I know where the electricity that lights our house comes from," said little Edna. "Where does it come from?" queried her small brother. "From the wall," replied Edna. "When mamma wants a light she unbuttons it."

Small Elmer had been presented with a toy train of cars and insisted on taking them to bed with him when he retired. "But that isn't the place for cars," protested his mother. "Course it is," replied Elmer, "cause they are all sleepin' cars."

**Two Ancient Tombs Found.**  
At Ancona, Italy, March 7, workmen discovered two ancient tombs of extraordinary value and interest while excavating for the foundations of a hospital. These tombs date from the third century before Christ. They contained some beautiful silver vases, a pair of gold earrings, set with emeralds, and a gold ring, set with a carved stone. Orders have been given that search be made for other antiquities.

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**RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY**

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

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**White Cake.**  
One-quarter cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, the whites of two eggs. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, flour and baking powder; lastly, beat the eggs to a stiff froth and fold into the batter. Bake in two tins.

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**FORTY YEARS AGO** almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and A FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without your or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

**Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.**

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Dr. H. D. Benner, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria as a purgative in the cases of children for years past with the most happy effect, and fully endorse it as a safe remedy."

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Ginger - 100  
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# ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER  
MANAGER

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This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

## SOME SALMON FIGURES

From "The Fisheries of Alaska" in 1906 we glean the following regarding the canning of salmon, the main industry of this district:

Employees—The fishermen engaged in 1906 numbered 3,405, of whom more than two thirds were whites. All the rest, except ten Japanese, were Indians. The cannery employees numbered 6,868, among whom the Chinese were most numerous, the Japanese almost as many. The transporters numbered 474, and comprised 395 whites and 95 Indians. In all, 10,747 persons were employed in the salmon canning industry.

Investment—Of the transporting vessels there were 116 steamers and launches valued at \$1,211,375, and 45 sailing vessels, valued at \$1,145,650. Gillnets were the most numerous kind of apparatus, there being, in all, 1,183, the most of them in western Alaska. Purse seines to the number of 112 were employed, these exclusively in the southeastern part, while haul seines to the number of 90 were used in southeast and central Alaska. The total investment for apparatus amounted to \$8,102,771. There were 47 canneries in operation—20 in southeastern Alaska, 8 in central Alaska and 19 in western Alaska.

Output of canneries—Western Alaska leads in the total quantity and value of pack, with 978,735 cases, valued at \$3,560,272, followed by southeast and central Alaska in the order named. Sockeyes, or red salmon, as they are usually known in Alaska, occupy first place in the output, with 3,500,730 cases, valued at \$5,020,875, nearly half of this pack coming from western Alaska. Humpbacks, or pink salmon, were second with 349,767 cases, valued at \$1,046,951, the greater part of them being packed in southeast Alaska. Dog, or chum salmon, were packed in southeast and western Alaska alone, and amounted to 254,812 cases, valued at \$730,235. The greater part of the coho pack was put up in southeast Alaska, while the greater part of the king salmon pack was made in western Alaska. The total pack of all species amounted to 2,246,989 cases, valued at \$8,896,392.

Comparison of pack, 1905-6.—The pack of the year 1906 exceeded that of 1905 by 339,022 cases, amounting to \$1,591,721. In 1905 there were packed 41,972 cases of dog or chum salmon, valued at \$113,056, while in 1906, 254,812 cases were packed, valued at \$730,235, an increase in quantity of 212,840 cases and in value, \$617,179. The pack of humpback increased from 168,597 cases, valued at \$498,494 in 1904, to 349,767 cases, valued at \$1,046,951 in 1906, a gain of 181,160 cases and \$548,757. The pack of cohoes also increased 42,833 cases and \$166,234. As compared with 1905, the pack of sockeye salmon in 1906 shows a decrease of 86,613 cases, but an increase in value of \$285,328. The pack of king salmon dropped off slightly.

Taking the one-pound tall, which is the common size of can, as a basis of comparison, it is seen that there has been a uniform increase in 1906 in the value of the case over that of 1905. In 1905 cohoes averaged \$3.20 per case, while in 1906 the average price was \$3.63. During the same period dog, or chum salmon, increased from \$2.69 to \$2.87 per case; humpbacks from \$2.92 to \$3; kings from \$3.28 to \$3.78, and sockeyes from \$3.38 to \$3.77 per case.

The investment in the pickled salmon industry in Alaska in 1906 amounted to \$297,020, of which the greater part was in southeast Alaska. The pack amounts to 16,926 barrels and 3,389 half barrels, with a total value of \$139,838.

The Suneau Packing Co. shipped 20,530 pounds of smoked dog salmon, valued at \$1,190.

Frozen salmon was quite an industry, 271,644 pounds, valued at \$15,600 being shipped to Puget Sound ports.

During the year 1906 there were planted in four hatcheries of Alaska 206,121,000 eggs. These hatcheries are at Karluk, Fortmann, Yes Lake and Klawack, the J. C. Callbreath hatchery not being reported.

## THE LUGUBRIOUS KNOCKER

The knocker is an ineradicable beast. He is omnipresent, and the busiest person alive. Wrangell has him in all his varieties and can trace him in every phase of her public and private activity. You can not argue with him with any honest success, for if you convince him against his will he has another knock coming because you have defeated him, and uses it without delay or limit. He knocks in his sleep; if he has a pleasant dream he lays it to indigestion and knocks at the man who sold him the suspected edible; he knocks if a child smiles at him, and says the child's father has been telling tales on him at home; he knocks at a good meal on account of the cost of it; he knocks at fair weather for fear it is propitious for another man's plans; knocks at foul weather because he can not make it worse; at another man's achievement because he does not share it; at another's failure because he did not have a hand in it; he is the best known man in town and has more mean things said about him than any other ten men. He will knock as long as he lives. Dead, he will knock at the gates of heaven and his knock will not be heard; he may try the other place but we doubt if the devil has any use for him, either.

The Seattle P.-I. mentions editorially the necessity of improving the mail service to western Alaska. It might at the same time recommended an improvement in the service in this portion of southeast Alaska, for which it would have received the thanks of the people. Juneau and Wrangell are 150 miles apart, with boats connecting them every three or four days; and yet letters having the stamp of the Juneau office June 8 did not reach this office until the 18th—ten days later, having been sent by way of Ketchikan, Cape Chacon and other seaports, while those anxiously waiting for the letters that should have been here in two or three days could sit and suck their thumbs. However, people must not say a word, but must keep quiet for fear of offending some official of this "ideal government," or treading on the toes of some one. Just keep up this very excellent (?) service. It is fine, and, we presume, just what Uncle Sam pays for.

The committee to look into the matter of securing a water system for the town tell us that the outlook for a water supply is most flattering. That, indeed, should prove gratifying to every person who owns property or is in business in Wrangell, where at the present time protection against fire is so limited. Our fire-fighting apparatus is good, so far as it goes; but there is nothing like a good head of water to give protection and insure safety against fire.

Missouri fixed by what was presumed to be good law a 2-cent-per-mile passenger rate on all railroads

operating within the state, but the courts say the law is no good and that the companies can go ahead under the same old schedule. In other words, "tis a case of "the people be d—d."

The Chicago and New York bulls and bears are fighting for supremacy, and up goes the wheat market. This means an advance of twelve to fifteen per cent on flour all over the country. With an advance in the price of meat and breadstuffs, it looks as if there must be a corresponding advance in wages if the laboring man and his family would live.

And now the newspapers are worrying over the fact that Senator Beveridge is to be married. What of it? Thousands of men in this country have married and no fuss was made about it.



Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **Patents** on Patent. Free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. **MUNN & CO.** 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

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